The National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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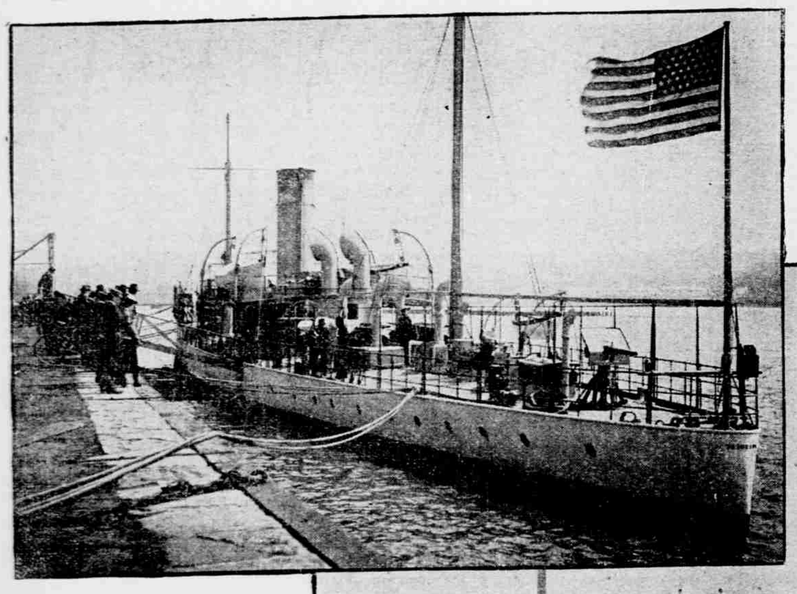

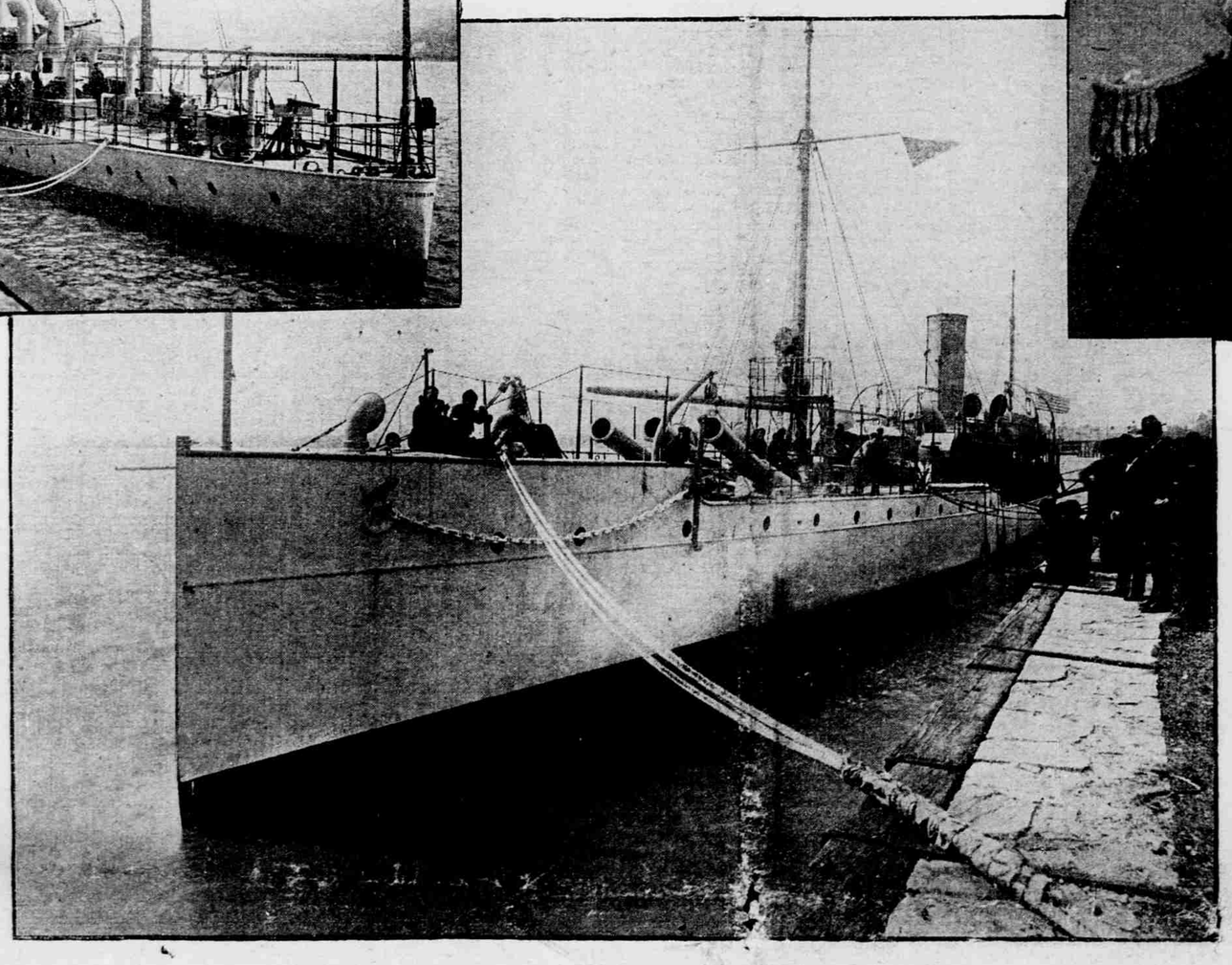

This illustration is from photographs taken by THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE's artist, and is an historic picture showing the only war ship of its kind in the world. The greatest interest is felt in the Vesuvius' movements and performances, for they may develop the value of an entirely new principle in naval warfare.

We may mention the fact, also, that next week our artist's pictures of the launching of the battleships New Kearsarge and Kentucky, at Newport News, will appear on this page. In the event of a war with Spain, its various phases will be fully illustrated from week to week from photographs or sketches by THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE's special pictorial staff.

STERN VIEW, SHOWING RAPID-FIRE GUN.

BOW VIEW OF THE VESUVIUS, SHOWING DYNAMITE TUBES.

THE UNITED STATES DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

The United States has a fame for the introduction of new and effective appliances in naval warfare, which makes it more dreaded than any display of actual strength can be. In every war in which we have been engaged we have brought out something phenomenal and startling, and which has greatly aided us in the discomfiture of our enemies. The devices of the Wars of the Revolution and of 1812, by which we helped to neutralize the overwhelming naval preponderance of Great Britain, are too numerous to mention. We gained our greatest glory in the latter war by the construction of a small number of frigates which were the quickest, handiest, and most powerful vessels of their class afloat. We put aboard them men who had no equals as sailors. The result was that when we came up with a French or British vessel of anything near our size, she was torn to pieces or blown out of water with a quickness that amazed the world. Our ships would suffer trifling losses, while the enemy's would be converted into charnel houses. In our attacks upon the insolent Barbary Powers we showed an inventiveness and a daring that had never been seen before at sea. The War of the Rebellion produced the Monitor, which in an hour revolutionized the naval ideas of the world.

Many hope that the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, which is now lying at the Washington Navy-yard, will bring about as much of a revolution in naval tactics as the Monitor did. The problem it attempts to solve is to make the terrible power of dynamite effective in naval warfare. Before an explosion of dynamite the strongest armor is as helpless as a thin board. The most powerful battleship afloat would be instantly hurled to destruction by a comparatively small charge of dynamite dropping on her deck.

But dynamite is entirely "too touchy" a substance to be fired out of ordinary guns or mortars. The shock of an explosion of gunpowder would instantly set it off, to the destruction of the vessel and gun firing it. It must be sent on its deadly errand by gentle, shockless pressure—that of compressed air. Whether this can be successfully done amid the storm and stress of battle, it is the mission of the Vesuvius to answer.

She is a small vessel as war vessels go nowadays, being 252 feet 4 inches long, 26 feet 9 inches beam, 14 feet 1 inch deep, having a mean draft of 9 feet, and a displacement of only 725 tons. This means that she can go almost anywhere around harbors and shoals, and come on to her prey from unexpected points. She has two vertical, direct-acting engines of 3,200 horse-power, which will send her through the water at the rate of 21 knots an hour.

She has some quick-firing guns, but her real armament are three 10½-inch tubes, which project through her deck at an angle of 45 degrees, and which will throw 200 pounds of dynamite a distance of a mile, and can be discharged once in two minutes. The range can be varied at will from 200 yards to a mile by controlling the amount of compressed air allowed to enter the tubes. The guns are not movable, but must be aimed by turning the ship, which, as she has twin screws, can be readily done. The conning-tower, from which the ship is directed and fought, is built of steel plates one inch thick, and stands a little above the deck, in rear of the guns. She carries 10 dynamite cartridges for each gun. She presents scarcely any mark for the enemy's guns, and if she justifies only a small portion of the hopes entertained of her she could destroy the most powerful fleet afloat in a few minutes. Preliminary trials have given warrant for much hope as to her effectiveness.

Rear-Admiral C. S. Norton, Commandant of the Navy-yard at Washington, in whose charge the Vesuvius now is, is a New York man and veteran sailor, who entered the Navy in 1851 as a Midshipman, and was a Lieutenant and Lieutenant-Commander during the war, in which he saw much hard service. He has nearly 17 years' sea-service to his credit. His portrait appears in the upper right-hand corner of the illustration.

REAR-ADMIRAL NORTON, The Commandant of the Washington Navy Yard.

"THE AMERICAN CONFLICT."

Leading Incidents and Episodes of the War of the Rebellion.

By HORACE GREELEY.

FORT SUMTER.

President Lincoln's Attitude—Rebels Force the Issue—Surrender of the Fort Demanded—Details of the Assault—Rebels Regard Reduction of Sumter as a Great Achievement. The Honors of War.

Whether the hesitation of the Executive to reinforce Fort Sumter was real or only apparent, the reserve evinced with regard to his intentions was abundantly justified. The President, in his Inaugural Address, had kindly and explicitly set forth his conception of the duties and responsibilities assumed in taking his oath of office. No man of decent understanding who can read our language had any reason or right to doubt, after hearing or perusing that document, that he fully purposed, to the extent of his ability, to maintain the authority and enforce the laws of the Union on every acre of the geographical area of our country.

Hence, Secessionists in Washington, as well as south of that city, uniformly denounced that manifesto as a declaration of war, or as rendering war inevitable. The naked dishonesty of professed Unionists inquiring—as even Senator Douglas, for two weeks, persisted in doing—whether Mr. Lincoln *intended peace or war*, was a sore trial to human patience.

A Government which cannot uphold and vindicate its authority in the country which it professes to rule is to be pitied; but one which does not even *attempt* to enforce respect and obedience is a confessed imposture and sham, and deserves to be hooted off the face of the earth.

Nay, more; it was impossible for ours to exist on the conditions prescribed by its domestic foes. No Government can endure without revenue; and the Federal Constitution (Art. I., Sec. 9) expressly prescribes that—

> No preference shall be given, by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one State over those of another; nor shall vessels bound to or from one State be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another.

SEALED AGAINST COMMERCE.

But here were the ports of nearly half our Atlantic and Gulf coasts sealed against the commerce and navigation of the other half, save on payment of duties utterly unknown to our laws; while goods could be entered at those ports at quite other (and generally lower) rates of impost than those established by Congress.

Hence, importers, with good reason, refused to pay the established duties at Northern ports until the same should be exacted at Southern as well; so that three months' acquiescence by the President in what was untruly commended as the "Peace policy," would have sunk the country into anarchy and whelmed the Government in hopeless ruin.

Still, no one is required to achieve the impossible, though to attempt what to others will seem such may sometimes be accepted by the unselfish and intrepid as a duty; and this practical question confronted the President on the threshold: "What *means* have I at command wherewith to compel obedience to the laws?"

Now, the War Department had, for nearly eight years prior to the last few weeks, been directed successively by Jefferson Davis and John B. Floyd. The better portion of our little army had been ordered by Floyd to Texas, and there put under the command of Gen. Twiggs, by whom it had already been betrayed into the hands of his fellow-traitors. The arms of the Union had been sedulously transferred by Floyd from the Northern to the Southern arsenals. The most effective portion of the navy had, in like manner, been dispersed over distant seas.

But, so early as the 21st of March, at the close of a long and exciting Cabinet session, it appears to have been definitely settled that Fort Sumter was *not* to be surrendered without a struggle; and, though Col. G. W. Lay, an Aid of Gen. Scott, had visited Charleston on the 20th, and had a long interview with Gov. Pickens and Gen. Beauregard, with reference, it was said, to the terms* on which Fort Sumter should be evacuated, if evacuated at all, the 25th brought to Charleston Col. Ward H. Lamon, a confidential agent of the President, who, after an interview with the Confederate authorities, was permitted to visit the fort, and hold unrestricted intercourse with Maj. Anderson, who apprised the Government through him that their scanty stock of provisions would suffice his little garrison only till the middle of April.

Col. Lamon returned immediately to Washington, and was said to have reported there, that, in Maj. Anderson's opinion as well as in his own, the relief of the fortress was impracticable.

VERY DECIDED ACTIVITY.

By this time, however, very decided activity began to be manifest in the Navy-yards still held by the Union. Such ships of war as were at hand were rapidly fitted for service and put into commission; while several swift ocean steamers of the large size were hurriedly loaded with provisions, munitions, and forage.

By the 6th or 7th of April, nearly a dozen of these vessels had left New York and other Northern posts, under sealed orders. Lieut. Talbot, who had arrived at Washington on the 6th, from Fort Sumter, bearing a message from Maj. Anderson that his rigidly restricted supplies of fresh food from Charleston market had been cut off by the Confederate authorities, and that he must soon be starved into surrender, if not relieved, returned to Charleston on the 8th, and gave formal notice to Gov. Pickens that the fort would be provisioned at all hazards.

Gen. Beauregard immediately telegraphed the fact to Montgomery; and, on the 10th, received orders from the Confederate Secretary of War to demand the prompt surrender of the fort, and, in case of refusal, to *reduce* it. The demand was accordingly made in due form at 2 p. m., on the 11th, and courteously declined.

But, in consequence of additional instructions from Montgomery—based on a suggestion of Maj. Anderson to his summoners that he would very soon be starved out, if not relieved—Gen. Beauregard, at 11 p. m., again addressed Maj. Anderson, asking him to state at what time he would evacuate Fort Sumter, if unmolested; and was answered that he would do so at noon on the 15th, "should I not receive, prior to that time, controlling instructions from my Government, or additional supplies."

This answer was judged unsatisfactory; and, at 3:20 a. m., of the 12th, Maj. Anderson was duly notified that fire would be opened on Fort Sumter in one hour.

Punctual to the appointed moment, the roar of a mortar from Sullivan's Island, quickly followed by the rushing shriek of a shell, gave notice to the world that the era of compromise and diplomacy was ended—that the Slaveholders' Confederacy had appealed from sterile negotiations to the "last argument" of aristocracies as well as kings.

Another gun from that island quickly repeated the warning, waking a response from battery after battery, until Sumter appeared the focus of a circle of volcanic fire. Soon, the thunder of 50 heavy breaching cannon, in one grand volley, followed by the crashing and crumbling of brick, stone, and mortar around and above them, apprised the little garrison that their stay in those quarters must necessarily be short. Unless speedily relieved by a large and powerful fleet, such as the Union did not then possess, the defense was, from the outset, utterly hopeless.

CELERITY OF REDUCTION.

It is said that the Confederate leaders expected to reduce the fort within a very few hours; it is more certain that the country was disappointed by the inefficiency of its fire and the celerity of its reduction.

But it was not then duly considered that Sumter was never intended to withstand a protracted cannonade from batteries solidly constructed on every side of it, but to resist and repel the ingress of fleets from the ocean—a service for which it has since proved itself admirably adapted.

Nor was it sufficiently considered that the defensive strength of a fortress inheres largely in its ability to compel its assailants to commence operations for its reduction at a respectful distance, and to make their approaches slowly, under conditions that secure to its fire a great superiority over that of the besiegers.

But here were the assailants, in numbers a hundred to one, firing at short range from batteries which had been constructed and mounted in perfect security, one of them covered with iron rails so adjusted as to glance the balls of the fortress harmlessly from its mailed front.

Had Maj. Anderson been ordered, in December, to defend his post against all aggressive and threatening demonstrations, he could not have been shelled out

(Continued on seventh page)

*The New York Herald of April 9 has a dispatch from its Washington correspondent, confirming one sent 24 hours earlier to announce the determination of the Executive to provision Fort Sumter, which thus explains the negotiations, and the seeming hesitation, if not vacillation, of March:

"The peace policy of the Administration has been taken advantage of by the South, while, at the same time, their representatives have been here begging the President to keep hands off. While he was holding back, in the hope that a forbearing disposition, on the part of the authorities of the seceded States, would be manifested, to his great surprise, he found that, instead of peace, they were investing every fort and navy-yard with rebel troops and fortifications, and actually preparing to make war upon the Federal Government. Not only this, but, while the Administration was yielding to the cry against coercion, for the purpose, if possible, of averting the calamity of civil war, the very men who were loudest against coercion were preparing for it; the Government was losing strength with the people; and the President and his Cabinet were charged with being imbecile and false to the high trust conferred upon them.

"At last, they have determined to enforce the laws, and to do it vigorously; but not in an aggressive spirit. When the Administration determined to order Maj. Anderson out of Fort Sumter, some days since, they also determined to do so on one condition: Namely, that the fort and the property in it should not be molested, but allowed to remain as it is. The authorities of the Confederacy would not agree to this, but manifested a disposition to get possession of the fort and United States property therein. The Government would not submit to any such humiliation.

"It was immediately determined to keep Maj. Anderson in Fort Sumter, and to supply him with provisions forthwith. * * * There is no desire to put additional men into the fort, unless resistance is offered to the attempt to furnish Maj. Anderson with supplies. The fleet will not approach Charleston with hostile intent; but, in view of the great military preparations about Fort Sumter, the supply vessels will go prepared to reply promptly to any resistance of a warlike character that may be offered to a peaceful approach to the fort. The responsibility of opening the war will be thrown upon the parties who set themselves in defiance to the Government. It is sincerely hoped, by the Federal authorities here, that the leaders of the Secessionists will not open their batteries."

A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN.

"For Three Years, or During the War"—At Home in a Shelter Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

By JOHN McELROY.

CHAPTER I

THE POLITICAL CRISIS MAKES ITS EFFECTS FELT IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY—DISTURBANCE IN A CHICAGO PRINTING OFFICE—PARTIZAN LINES DRAWN.

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THERE MAY BE GRIMIER places than the composing-room of an old-time daily newspaper, but it would be hard to say what and where they are. Machine-shops and coal-yards are dusty and sooty, but that seems to be their business. It is a necessary result, which cannot be avoided. But an old-fashioned composing-room seemed to be deliberately and designedly dirty and slovenly. It was usually the top floor of some building originally intended as a warehouse or store, and with no provisions for the accommodation of a number of workingmen.

A half-century ago a strong disregard for appearances seemed a necessary accompaniment of genius, or even talent. It was the fashion for a man who could do anything well to affect a contempt for the niceties of dress and surroundings. Given this, then turn 40 or 50 printers, who prided themselves solely on their swiftness and correctness in composition, into a bare "loft" of a warehouse; equip them with sets of dirty, smudgy cases; have the irrepressible and ever-present printer's ink stain everything; have waste paper litter the place like the leaves in the Fall; have it nobody's business to keep the place clean; have every energy bent on getting the type into the cases, out again as "matter" for the day's issue, and into the forms in time to catch the mails, and you would have the necessary conditions for a spot which would be the very antithesis of a lady's drawing-room.

In such a murky den as this, in the city of Chicago, in the first weeks of April, 1861, 30 compositors were setting type with that silent diligence characteristic of a "daily" office. Every man was running a race with every other man, not merely to make the "longest string of dupes," that is, of proofs of matter which he had set and by which he was paid, but to have his "take" done at the same time with the others, so as not to "hold the galley," when the others would have theirs ready for proving. Occasionally someone would call out:

"Slug Six, you end even"; or "Slug Nine, you'll have to get off this galley, and make room for me."

At the far end of the long room sat, on a platform raised a few inches above the floor, Old Jo Wilson, the foreman. That was before the newspapers boasted of "telegraph editors," "news editors," etc., so that in addition to his duties of administering the composing room the foreman had to receive the telegraph news as it came in on sheets of oiled tissue paper, separate the different items, put heads over them, and hang them on the hook for the compositors.

"Old Jo," as he was commonly and affectionately called, was a veteran printer, who had reached his position through skill in his trade, general intelligence and capacity. He was an emotional man, and had an interjectional sliding scale, nicely adjustable to every phase of news and by the constant use of which he kept all in the room fully informed as to the importance of the dispatches passing through his hands. A bitter sigh and "Dear! dear! dear!" told the typos that the wires were telling of some man or woman who had broken a limb, or met with a similarly painful accident. A deeper sigh and "Too bad! too bad!" indicated that some poor fellow's house and home had been burned, with all his worldly wealth; that a financial calamity had befallen some deserving person, or that a staggering firm had gone down under a weight of liabilities.

"O, how awful!" meant that a faithful and loving woman had been cruelly deserted, or that a hot-blooded altercation had resulted in leaving one of the disputants at death's door.

"My gracious! this is just terrible!" told of a brutal murder, distressing suicide, a wanton outrage of strength upon weakness, or a sickening catastrophe.

The busy hands were arrested on their way from case to "stick" by an exclamation from Old Jo more intense and earnest than anyone had ever before heard him make:

"My God—they've actually done it!"

Everyone's noise in the room was stilled, and all ears were intent, as Old Jo slowly read out from the dim "flimsy":

Charleston, S. C., April 12.—At 2 p. m., yesterday, Col. Chesnut and Maj. Lee, Aids to Gen. Beauregard, conveyed to Fort Sumter the demand that Maj. Anderson evacuate the fort. Maj. Anderson replied at 6 p. m., that his sense of honor and his obligations to his Government would prevent his compliance with their demand. There are now 7,000 men around Fort Sumter under arms, and 140 pieces of ordnance of heavy caliber in position, and ready for use.

At 1 a. m., this morning, a second deputation from Gen. Beauregard conveyed to Fort Sumter the message that if Maj. Anderson would name the time when he would evacuate, and would agree not to fire in the meantime upon the batteries unless they fired upon him, no fire would be opened on Fort Sumter. To this Maj. Anderson replied that he would evacuate at noon on the 15th, if not previously otherwise ordered, or not supplied, and that he would not in the meantime open fire unless compelled by some hostile act against his fort or the flag of his Government.

At 3:30 a. m., the officers who received this answer notified Maj. Anderson that the batteries under command of Gen. Beauregard would open on Fort Sumter in one hour, and immediately left.

At 4:30 a. m., fire was opened on Fort Sumter from Fort Moultrie, and soon after from the batteries on Mount Pleasant, Cummings's Point and the floating battery; in all 17 mortars, and 30 large guns for shot—mostly Columbiads.

At 7 a. m., Fort Sumter began replying from the lower tier of guns, firing at Fort Moultrie, Cummings's Point, Sullivan's Island, and the floating battery, simultaneously. The bombardment soon became very warm, and smoke was seen rising from the interior of the fort, showing that the shells were taking effect, and setting fire to the buildings. The greatest enthusiasm prevails in Charleston. The entire population of the city is crowded upon the docks and piers, and upon the housetops, watching the fight with intense interest. They cheer wildly whenever a successful shot throws up a cloud of brick and dust.

An instant of awed silence followed the conclusion of Old Jo's reading. It was broken by Dick Morgan, a tall, slender compositor, with long, black hair, exclaiming:

"Hurrah for Gen. Beauregard! Three cheers for gallant little South Carolina! She's got the nerve! She's just got tired and sick of all this nigger-loving Abolitionist nonsense, and she's going to show them that she won't stand their foolishness any longer."

The rest of the compositors regarded him with astonishment. The quiet, pleasant face of Dave Bronson another compositor, grew very pale, and his eyes lighted up with a fierceness none had ever seen in them before. He usually